

A Big Mistake

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Category: IT (2017), IT - Stephen King

Genre: Blowjobs, Branding, Dubious Consent, Fire play, Forced Torture, M/M, Orgasm play, Scarring, Slurs, Teenage characters, messy blowjobs, minor bondage

Language: English

Characters: Patrick Hockstetter, Richie Tozier

Relationships: Patrick Hockstetter/Richie Tozier

Status: Completed

Published: 2017-09-29

Updated: 2017-09-29

Packaged: 2020-01-21 11:41:47

Rating: Explicit

Warnings: Creator Chose Not To Use Archive Warnings

Chapters: 1

Words: 4,782

Publisher: archiveofourown.org

Summary:

Richie has regrets. Hockstetter and his pyromania turn out not to be one of them. Go fucking figure.

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Author's Note:

- For [Coileddragon](#), [saccharinefeverdream](#).

So it starts out noncon, but once it gets to anything sexual it kinda is more consensual so. Also technically everyone is underage but they're two teens dicking around with each other so I didn't use any 'underage' tags.

Lemme know if there are tags I should add.

Thanks to Kialish & saccharinefeverdream for inspiring this. You know what you did.

“Ah-! Go fuck yourself, Patrick! If you wanna- Hey fucking quit-!”

Richie scrambled on the ground under Hockstetter, rolling about in the gravel trying to scramble away from the bully. This was turning out to be a real big fucking mistake. Why did he take this dumb shortcut anyway? It's not like his friends would leave without him; shit they'd probably come looking for him. Which was worse, somehow, because now he wasn't on the usual (safe) path out on the roads so even if they backtracked and tried to find him, they'd skip right past.

So he was stuck trying to wrestle the lanky Patrick Hockstetter on his own.

He'd had his glasses knocked off his face when Hockstetter had chucked a rock at his front wheel and sent him flying off his damn bike. He hadn't really recovered from that failure.

“Shit Hockstetter if you-” he tried to snark, but Patrick managed at that point to flip him over, one hand grinding his cheek into the gravel and the other grabbing at his wrists.

He twisted and flailed and struck out with his fists but it wasn't enough to stop Patrick from grabbing his wrists in one hand. He stuck a knee in his back, keeping him pinned, and Richie could feel some bolt of fabric being tied tight around his wrists. After a kinda excessive amount of knots, the knee was removed from his back and he saw his captor crouching next to him. He paused, unsure, then rolled over and tried to pick himself up despite his hands being tied behind his back.

"So long, motherfuck- **shit**, *fuck!*" he started to brag, then his foot slipped and he smacked back down into the ground. He tried again but apparently standing up from the ground without use of one's hands was pretty difficult.

Richie flopped back down on his back, not giving Patrick the satisfaction of watching him struggle and fail anymore.

"So? Can I go yet or you still need a bit more time to squeeze some juice out of your hors d'oeuvres pickle?"

He smirked as Patrick's vaguely amused face dropped into annoyance. He may be fucked, but he going through hell then he was dragging everyone else he could reach along with him.

"Such your damn mouth, Tozier - wouldn't wanna mess up them pearly whites."

He stood, walked over to Richie, walked **over** him and then crouched over his stomach. The older boy dropped heavily onto his stomach, puffing the air out of him with a grunt. He tried to stifle the sound, not wanting to give him the satisfaction of hearing him in pain. Again.

"See, I was just hoping to find someone to do a bit of testing on here today. And lucky me – you ride right on to me. God really does have a sense of humour."

He knew he was being threatened, but that was just almost too easy;

"Yeah, well, he gave you that face, didn't he?"

He snickered to himself while Hockstetter's mouth crinkled in anger

again.

He reached into his jacket and pulled out a lighter. Despite his attempts to remain casual and nonchalant about this whole affair, Richie couldn't help but flick his eyes to the tool. Well shit. He hoped like dear hell that he didn't have an aerosol can on him.

Patrick apparently saw his eyes flick to the lighter – and the fear that flickered when he did – because his mouth quirked back into a mean smirk. With deliberate motions, he flicked the lighter on, then off, then on, then off and Richie couldn't help but watch the silent threat advance and retreat in Patrick's hand.

“So here's the plan, Tozier. You're gonna sit on right there and I'm gonna go burn up your stickman tits til your so ugly that even your own Momma ain't not gonna love ya no more.”

He gulped and started to squirm again. He didn't like the sound of that, despite the insult being completely garbled. Patrick lit the lighter once more and Richie tossed his shoulders and hips, trying to dislodge the Sophomore before he could begin his torture.

Patrick rolled his eyes and hit him across the face. When that didn't work he gave him a thump in the sternum and Richie jolted as an odd spark of pain shot across his nerves. He stopped struggling after that and Hockstetter went back to grinning.

He flicked the light on again and kept the flame burning as he tipped the lighter upside-down, the fire licking up the side of the lighter away from his thumb. He rolled his wrist around, expertly maneuvering the flame so that it heated up the metal of the lighter but didn't burn his hand.

Then he snapped the flame off and with a sharp glint in his smirk, he reached back and plunged the lighter into the soft flesh of Richie's thigh, just below his shorts. He immediately screamed, the pain unimaginable – far beyond anything he'd ever felt before. His face screwed up in agony as his scream ripped itself out of his throat. He couldn't stop his body from trying to twist away from the pain even if he's wanted to. His leg kicked out, trying to move away from his body so as to escape where the pain was coming from.

Over the sound of his blood rushing in his ears, he almost didn't hear Hockstetter exhale a brief;

"Good."

The pain faded slightly, enough that he could stop reacting so instinctively to it, but the spot on his thigh just above his knee still stung like a thousand needle points. Patrick's eyes caught his gaze like fishhooks catching a drifting trout and he watched with a renewed fear as he lit the lighter and started heating it up again.

He was going to have to lay here with this psychopath pinning him down and let himself be burned until the bully got bored. Or until someone useful heard his screams. Honestly, his screams were probably going to end up being a deterrent more than they'd summon any help.

Hockstetter reached back a second time and jabbed the red-hot lighter into his other thigh and second scream tore its way out of Richie's throat, his leg ineffectively kicking out and his body shuddering in pain. He was branded again and again and again, screams clawing up from his lungs each time and his body juddering from the burning pain. His face was starting to ache from how much he was screwing it up in absolute agony and he could feel the wet streaks of tears running down his temples into his dirty hair.

Spots along his thighs and knees throbbed with pain, each taking turns to remind him of where exactly he was marked. He could feel the heat from them, still radiating, and he could feel their heat spiking up his thighs into his shorts.

Except... He pushed to think through the haze of pain that had settled over his thoughts. Except it wasn't the same sort of heat that was travelling up his thighs. He could feel the phantom burning of the burn marks over his legs but the heat from them that was travelling **up** his thighs... into his underwear... into his...

Oh fuck no.

With a renewed vigor, Richie thrashed like a cornered beast, throwing his shoulders and hips and digging his heels into the gravel

to try get some leverage and get to his feet. His eyes where wide and wild and he was glad his glasses had already been knocked off because they wouldn't have stayed on his face while he threw his fit.

“What the fuck do you- Stay down!” Patrick complained above him, putting a hand on his chest and pushing him back down.

That was okay, though. He could manhandle him as much as he wanted, Richie just had to get away before he figured out-

Patrick grabbed his shoulder with one hand and his hip with the other before repositioning himself to put a knee just under Richie's crotch.

“You **wanna** loose a nut you goddamn-” he spat.

Richie thrashed even more wildly, lifting his legs back and trying to kick Hockstetter. He had to kick him before-

Patrick shoved his knee up into his crotch and Richie fucking up and died.

Or he wished he had. It would've been preferable to the way the world went stiff and still. Patrick slowly moved his gaze down his body, to look at where his knee was nestled between Richie's legs.

To look at Richie's rock hard prick, making a tent in his shorts he'd have been proud of under *literally any other circumstance*.

Patrick's gaze slowly dragged back up to Richie's pale face. He tried to smooth out his tense facial muscles, tried to return to being nonchalant but he was a volatile cocktail of fear and horniness and it meant he was in very little control any more.

Hockstetter grinned, baring his teeth like a dripping wolf's maw.

“You getting off on this, Tozier?”

“You wish, Patri--!”

His comeback was cut off as Patrick let go of his hip and grabbed his erection in a firm grip. He let out a choked but unmistakably turned-

on gasp, his chest juddering and his eyes crossing. Patrick let go and he had a second to catch his breath. The boy above him looked down with a predatory eye, studying him like a piece of meat. He'd known where this was going, before. Had known the basic format. Sit there and take the bullshit torture, maybe get in some good verbal jabs, and eventually be let go to stagger home.

But that was before he found out that apparently getting burnt gave him a full hog. He wanted to hate this discovery but... he still felt somewhat squirmy at the throbbing pain in his legs. He couldn't hate this kink when it felt so. Fucking. **Good**. It was also agony, sure; it hurt like a son of a bitch. But just the thought of having that lighter sizzle and melt his flesh again had his eyes trying to roll back in delight.

"Okay." He heard Patrick say above him.

And suddenly he was pulled forward by the front of his shirt, his torso resting against his tormentor's so as to keep him from falling over. Patrick perched his chin over his shoulder to peer down his back as the bully's hands partially held him up and partially fiddled with something behind his back. He was let go soon enough and flailed at the loss of balance, instinctively putting his arms out to either side to catch himself.

Which worked.

His wrists had been untied, he'd been freed. He looked between his free hands before Hockstetter's voice called back his attention.

"So this here's the deal, Richie." Patrick made the given name sound like an alarm, "You're free. You can get on up and run all the way home. Or you can stay here."

Richie opened his mouth, still wary of this whole set-up, to ask why the fuck he'd do that, when Patrick finished;

"And I'll burn you til you cum."

Richie's prick twitched and his mouth dropped, saliva pooling around his tongue. His pale face flushed with a blotchy pattern. He wasn't

sure how the rest of his body had enough blood to function when all of his blood was either rushing to fill his cheeks or his cock.

“Well?” Patrick asked, punctuating the question by shoving on his chest and pushing him back onto the ground. He looked at his own position for a second, and then shuffled so that he was kneeling up on his knees. He was still straddling Richie but there was enough room for him to wiggle up and away from him now without having to put up a fight.

Richie looked up as he did this and Patrick sarcastically gestured for him to leave. Richie scowled – the expression a mix of annoyance and disgust – and looked away. He didn’t move.

“What’s it gonna be, Richie? Run or stay?”

He kept his eyes cast to the side.

Patrick leaned down and he could feel his hot breath against his cheek. He screwed up his eyes. Then he felt the now cooled lighter-head press into the underside of his neck. His entire expression slackened and his mouth fell ajar as he panted unevenly. A shiver of arousal ran down him, pooling in his cock.

“I wanna hear you say it, Richie. Run. Or. Stay?”

He gulped, shuddering again at the feel of the lighter and the promise locked within it. His eyes lightly closed, he confessed;

“Stay.”

Then Patrick leaned back and repositioned himself, sitting a little lower on his stomach than he had before. Not low enough that he’d be touching Richie’s hard-on, but close enough that Richie might be able to poke it into his back if he bent up enough.

Hockstetter grabbed his shirt, his jagged nails digging in as he jerked the shirt up to Richie’s neck.

“Show us ya tits, then.”

He flinched automatically at the violence of the action, though it

didn't actually hurt. Especially not compared to what was about to come. Patrick flicked his lighter back on and twirled the flame up the metal, waving it back and forth. He didn't even extinguish it this time before plunging it down into Richie's lower ribs.

A new scream wrenched free from his throat but this time it trailed off into a loud moan, his agonised face falling into a twisted look of pleasure. Patrick dug his hot brand of a lighter into Richie's flesh over his chest again and again, burning marks into his underdeveloped pecs, across his ribs and into his soft, tender stomach. Every time, Richie screamed and yelled and the sound grew more and more mixed with moans and shouts of arousal. His cries more and more became a perverse mix of pleasure and pain until he was a sweating, panting, moaning mess. Drool dribbled out the corner of his mouth, tears down the sides of his head and his throat feeling like someone had shoved a cactus down it.

Through his frantic panting and screaming, he found himself talking. Begging, really;

"Pa-Patrick, please, mm, puh-please!"

"Mm?" Patrick quirked his head, curiosity distracted by the pleading.

Seeing that he had the other's slight attention, Richie canted his pelvis up, trying to signal what he wanted. The burning had him a hot mess already, but he knew he needed something a little more to push him over the edge. Patrick looked back at the movement then looked at him.

"I'm not fucking touching you, freak."

He let out a distressed groan, frantically shaking his head and thrusting his hips up again. Patrick seemed to take pity on him and shuffled down (deliberately lifting himself over the boy's hard-on) to get a better look. Thus straddling his thighs, he seemed to get the idea.

He tugged the waistband of Richie's shorts down, opening it up enough until his underwear was poking out, the soft, fluffy area at his pubis revealed. Patrick warmed up his lighter once more and pushed

it into the untouched area.

Richie bucked up into the feeling, his body no longer his to control, and pushed even harder into the burn. He screamed an agonised moan as he orgasmed, his prick convulsing as it spurted cum into a stain on the front of his underwear.

Richie lay there, panting and wallowing in his post-orgasmic bliss. For now none of his burns actually **hurt**-hurt and he was enjoying the sensation while it lasted. Patrick stood, flicking his lighter out of habit before shoving it in his pocket. The wind blew casually over the gravel lot, the building they were hidden behind breaking it up enough to keep it soft. He was covered in injuries with gravel embedded in bits of his skin, but right now life was completely fucking fantastic for Richie.

So, of course, Patrick ruined it.

“Guess I know what to tell Bowers to do to **you**.”

Richie’s eyes shot open as big as saucers. Shit. Patrick barked a short, cruel laugh.

“Fuck, imagine that. They give your arm a burn and you cream yourself right there in the middle of them there school halls.”

“Don’t tell them.”

They couldn’t learn about this. Fuck, he didn’t even want his **friends** to know about this no matter the **rest** of the Bower’s Gang. Richie scrambled, trying to think of how to discourage Hockstetter.

“Wouldn’t want them knowing you’re such a faggot, right? Jerking a guy off?”

He was given an unimpressed look.

“I didn’t touch your stupid prick – you came just from be burning you alive.”

He thought of arguing this point since, technically, Patrick had grabbed his cock that once. But unfortunately his argument was

mostly sound and Bowers was far more likely to listen to Patrick than Richie and both of them knew it.

“Yeah, well, you’re not actually a faggot after all, right?” he blustered, trying to buy time, “So I, uh, I could get you a girl! Get some hot piece to blow you! Sound good, right?”

Richie had propped himself up, sitting partially upright, as he tried to think of how to bargain and convince Hockstetter. He was shot a foul look and Patrick replied;

“You think I need your scrawny fucking arse to get some tail? You think I can’t pick up whatever chick I want already?”

Patrick flipped him the finger.

“Gotta be hard to get through your cum-messed skull, but I’m not telling him to get off. I’m telling him because it’s gonna be fucking funny as all shit to see that happen to you.”

Patrick turned and started to leave. Richie scrambled up to his feet, running a few steps after him. He had to stop Patrick somehow. So he wanted Richie humiliated? Okay, okay. He could work with that.

“Then I’ll blow you!”

Patrick stopped walking. Richie stood still, a few paces behind, his chest rising and falling with anticipation as he waited to see if the offer would catch. Patrick turned around. His face had no obvious expression, but he just knew that meant that he was listening.

“You wanna humiliate me? Promise not to tell Bowers and you can-” he stuttered, nervous for a second about what he was offering. But it had been the only thing so far that Hockstetter hadn’t brushed off, so; “Don’t tell Bowers or any of the others, and you can fuck my mouth. However you like.”

He stood there, nothing smartarse on his tongue for once in his life, awaiting judgment.

Patrick’s posture relaxed and he shrugged.

“Okay.”

Richie just stood there for a second and then moved forward a few steps. When Patrick didn't move, he asked;

“Oookay? Just like that?”

Patrick shrugged. They stood still facing each other for a moment before Patrick had to break the silence.

“So, like...” he half-shrugged.

Patrick rolled his eyes and jutted his pelvis out a little.

“Get on with it, then.”

Richie didn't even bother replying to that, simply walking over and dropping to his knees. When Patrick still made no moves he looked up at the Sophomore.

“So you gonna whip it out or you expect me to just play you like a fucking air guitar?”

“Sounds like your job, Tozier.”

Damnit, Richie really didn't want to grab it out himself. He looked down, coming face to face with Patrick's fly. He realized for the first time, that the denim of his jeans was strained and there was a hard line next to his fly.

Shit he's... He's really fucking hard. Did I turn him on?

“What the fuck?” was the only utterance that actually escaped Richie's lips.

He swallowed, shrugged to himself as if to say *Well here goes fucking nothing* and undid Patrick's pants, tugging his jeans and boxers down a little to pull out his hard cock. Richie was not happy to find that it was a little bigger – longer and thicker – than his own. He was pleased to find it wasn't super hairy or something. It even didn't smell too bad – it smelt like sweat and sulfur and petrol and musk, but it didn't smell **rotten**. So that was a win in his book.

The problem was, though, that he had never sucked cock before and Richie didn't really know how to start. He knew vaguely what was involved and he could guess what he might like and replicate that but... Well apparently the sort of thing he liked was getting branded, so maybe he wasn't the best judge.

Richie looked up, as if Patrick was going to give him instructions or something. Patrick frowned down at him then barked out a belligerent;

“What!?”

Which seemed kinda uncalled for, really. He belatedly realized Patrick was waiting for him to say something about him already being so hard even though the only thing that had happened to him recently was making Richie cum. He looked down to contemplate the job in front of him once more.

He leant forward to lick at the tip, then reached up and took a hold of the base so as to stop it from moving where he didn't want it to. He leaned forward again, shuffling forward on his knees a bit, hating that he was only in shorts and thus was getting gravel digging into his knees. He put his lips over the head, moving his tongue around, sucking lightly to see if that would help.

Patrick was still hard, but Richie was getting the sinking feeling that that was despite him, not because of him.

He tried to let spit collect in his mouth and licked up and around his cock, making it slick, then he opened his mouth and tried to take more into his mouth. He could get about two thirds of the way down before it started getting uncomfortable, so he stayed that far on and licked and sucked at Patrick. He moved up to breath clearer and then realized that moving up and down – on and off of – his dick would actually be a good idea.

Richie rested his spare hand on his denim-clad thigh and sucked around the cock in his drooling mouth. After a bit, he looked up through his dark lashes to try and gauge if he was doing a good enough job to buy Patrick's silence.

His heart sank to his stomach. He was looking down at him, watching as he sucked him off, but his expression was decidedly bored. Panic flashed in his eyes before he looked back down. Richie wasn't sure what else he could do – he already had the guy's dick in his mouth. He could try to deep-throat, probably? But he didn't have much more of an idea of how to do that more than he knew how to give a blow-job.

A shiver ran down his spine before he realized why – he'd heard the click of a lighter.

His mouth sunk a little further on the dick by accident, his mouth opening and salivating like on of Pavlov's dogs at the sound. Richie looked up again and saw Patrick with his lighter in hand, the tool upside and Patrick casually twirling it around to heat the metal. He felt his chest start to heave, just the sight of the flame enough now to get his heart pumping and his prick moving with interest.

"Shit, guess Bowers was right." Patrick said to the air, "It is real better if you get the girl into it too."

Then he flicked off the lighter and reached down to Richie's collar. He shivered minutely and his mouth continued to salivate in anticipation. Sure enough, his collar was tugged aside with one finger and Patrick dug the hot metal into his shoulder. Richie convulsed, screaming, his grip tightening around the base of Patrick's dick. But he also found his jaw locking open and his head jerking forward to swallow even more of his dick down his throat.

As the waves of pain washed over his body he pressed down until Patrick's cock was pressing into the back of his throat and he moaned and drooled all over it. He felt the arousal in his own pick again and gently thrust up, moving his whole body along with the movement. It helped that these little thrusts were pushing up into the lighter still buried in his shoulder.

He heard a sound that hadn't come from him and he pulled back to the head, sucking on it like a lollipop as he looked up. Patrick wasn't flushed, exactly, but there was colour in his cheeks now. More importantly his eyes were half-lidded and his mouth was hanging open, hot pants coming from it. Apparently acting on instinct when

he was really excited was really improving this blow-job. For both of them, in fact.

Patrick removed the lighter and warmed it again, putting it into Richie's other shoulder this time. He screamed again and swallowed down even more dick, swallowing and gasping around it, his moans and groans and raw screams vibrating down the organ and his drool dripping messily over the whole area, some even dripping onto the ground between them.

Richie felt almost hungry for it, now, his mind associating the painful-pleasure he was getting with the dick in his mouth and telling him that more dick meant more pleasure. His hand had started moving at some point, wanking the base of the cock while he pulled up and blew the top half. He couldn't see straight anymore, his eyes full of overflowing tears and his sight constantly going crossed or rolling up out of sight.

"Ri--!" he half-heard Patrick choke out, somewhere high in the heavens above him.

He heard the click of his lighter louder, the sound sending a jolt straight to his weeping prick. Then he felt one of Patrick's hands grab a fistful of his hair, holding him onto his cock.

Then he felt the worst, most horrible, most utterly agonising pain. The lighter scolded a spot at the back of his neck and it as well as the hand in his hair pulled him all the way down onto Patrick's fat cock. He choked and spluttered as he felt the dick push passed his mouth and down into his throat and felt it stretch him open and stay there. He needed to scream and thrash and convulse but he couldn't do any of that. His screams were kept plugged in his throat by Patrick's dick and the grip on his hair with the lighter in the back of his neck held his head in place while the rest of his body jerked and flailed spastically about.

His eyes rolled up in his head, snot dribbling from his nose like bubbles of spit ejected themselves from the corners of his mouth. Patrick's cock fattened and twitched inside him, releasing its contents express into his stomach.

Patrick let go of his hair before he removed the lighter but Richie wasted no time in pulling off of the fat cock, gasping desperately for air. His face was a mess: blotchy with flushed red and pale white, streaked with tears, wet with drool and snot, his eyes glazed and out-of-focus. His tongue lolled out of his mouth, a line of spit still connecting him to Patrick's cock.

It took Richie some time to start blinking again, to pull his tongue in and close his mouth. He realised, with some mild distress, that he'd gotten hard again. Damn teenage libido. He swallowed, regaining some composure, and stood up. This put him uncomfortably close to standing chest-to-chest with Patrick (not to mention he was almost poking him with his erection) and he took a generous step back.

"So," he croaked, then stopped to cough, trying to clear his abused throat, "We good? You not gonna tell anyone about. This. ?"

Patrick shrugged, his hands already back in his jacket pockets. He tried not to think about how one of those pockets contained a lighter.

"Sure, whatever." A ghost of his smirk returned as he concluded, "Our little secret."

Then with a look that wasn't exactly a wink, Patrick turned and left the empty lot and Richie was left there with a disturbing new kink, a really hard dick and burns littering his body. Absently, as he watched Patrick leave, he gently pushed on one of the blisters forming on his torso and he decided that maybe this shortcut hadn't been quite such a big mistake.